

CHILDREN OF NEW YORK AS NEWS-MAKERS

EIGHT BOY VICTIMS OF A RABID DOG.

Brute Ran Through Baltimore Suburbs Gnashing and Killing.

Attacked All That Stood in His Path, Fatally Biting Several Other Dogs.

Began His Mad Race in Waverly, and Eight Hours Later Was Shot in Notre Dame.

CHILDREN BROUGHT HERE FOR CURE.

Are Now at the Pasteur Institute Receiving the Virus to Prevent Hydrophobia. Animal Was a Huge Mongrel.

There are eight boys in the Pasteur Institute, at Ninety-seventh street and Central Park, West, victims of a mad dog, and all came from Baltimore in the hope of saving themselves from the dread perils of hydrophobia. Dog fanciers said the brute that bit them was a cross between a Newfoundland and a mastiff. He weighed, after death, 100 pounds and measured 5 feet from nose to haunch.

The animal was first seen in his rabid condition on Tuesday morning last in Waverly, one of the northern suburbs of Baltimore. Robert Henry, who is ten years old and lives at No. 610 Oxford street, in the village, got in the brute's way and was borne down. He might have been torn to pieces but men beat off the dog with planks and clubs, sending him running toward No. 630 York road, where ten-year-old Brenda Kiel got in the way. Kiel was bitten on his right ear and on his legs.

Down the road to Homestead, another suburb of Baltimore, the mongrel fled. Two brothers, Frank and Albert Perry, were playing in front of their home. The dog sprang on one and was tearing away his cheek when the other, in beating the brute's back, drew attention to himself, and was bitten also.

Nothing held the dog long. He started off again, and was soon at West Woodbury. Three dead dogs left on the road testified to his ferocity. He reached West Woodbury about noon. Willie Ashley, the first boy to get in his path, had his left arm torn. Three more dogs were killed, and Conrad Eppers, of No. 19 Railroad avenue, was bitten in the back of the neck. Then James Buehl, who is sixteen years old and lives at No. 1312 Baker street, was gnashed several times on the body. That was the sum of the mad dog's work in West Woodbury.

Away he fled toward Notre Dame, which he reached at 4 p. m. He had bitten Lawrence E. Wilson, who is eleven years old, and is the most seriously injured of all the boys. There he was driven into a courtyard, where a bullet from a policeman's revolver put an end to his frightful career. The carcass was taken to the Baltimore City Hospital, where Dr. J. J. Kierle held an autopsy. All the evidence pointed to the conclusion that the dog had been actually mad.

The Baltimore News collected the boys who had been bitten during the dog's eight-hour run and brought them to New York. They arrived Thursday night and were immediately given injections of the serum which is to neutralize the virus of rabies. The injections were repeated yesterday, and though the boys said they didn't like the treatment they were enjoying the novelty of being in New York.

REV. DR. HOUGHTON BETTER.

Rector of the "Little Church Around the Corner" Recovering from His Cold.

Rev. Dr. Houghton, pastor of the Little Church Around the Corner, who is lying seriously ill with a severe cold at his residence, No. 1 East Twenty-ninth street, was said to be very much improved yesterday morning.

It was said that, with proper attention, the minister would, in a few days, be able to attend to his duties.

William S. Osgood Still Very Ill.

William S. Osgood, who has been dangerously ill at his home at No. 10 West Twentieth street, was resting easily last night and is said to have fair chances of recovery. He is still, however, dangerously ill. He is suffering from erysipelas. Mr. Osgood is prominent in social and yachting affairs. He is also a member of several clubs.

LITTLE BROWN WAIF WHO IS ONLY "ME."

He Is a Wee Five-Year-Old, Quite Bright, and Always Hungry.

Can Sing the Tunes the Street Organs Play, and Is Fond of Mischief.

No One Knows His Name, for When He Is Asked It All He Will Say Is "Me."

WAS FOUND IN DIRT AND TATTERS.

Is Now with the Children's Society in Brooklyn, Where the Matron Is Puzzled to Know Where He Lived.

The officers of the Children's Society in Brooklyn are puzzling over one of the queerest human finds that has ever entered their building. He is a little bundle of contradictions about five years old, and is known simply as "Me," because the matron can get no other answer from him when she asks his name.

"Me" was found on the morning of November 26, sucking his thumb, as he stood on the corner of Lorimer and Ewen streets, Williamsburg. His chubby face was covered with dirt, his hair beneath his little black cap was matted and frowzy, his brown dress was torn, and his toes peeped from his broken shoes. He was indeed a very ragged, very dirty, very little boy.

Policeman Knaust, of the Stagg Street Sta-

WHO IS THIS LITTLE WAIF?



tion, asked the child what his name was. "Me," he answered seriously. Once, however, when Matron Howe called another child "Tommy," "Me" ran to her.

"Me" is black eyed, black haired and brown skinned, with a healthy color, full cheeks and a small nose. He looks like a bright little fellow, and the words that do escape him come from his lips with a quaint distinctness of pronunciation. He looks like an Italian.

The little fellow is always hungry, and calls for dinner, supper and tea. He is extremely nervous, and moves his hands, feet and head continually. He has a remarkably good ear for music, and likes "My Mother Was a Lady" and other tunes which the street organs play, never missing a note. He also dances gracefully.

The child plays with the twenty other waifs in the home, and is fond of practical joking. One little fellow was taking a bath the other day, when "Me" quietly entered the room and emptied a goblet of cold water over his back. Then he scampered off, laughing.

The society has been unable to find any trace of the boy's relatives.

"Wide World" and "Pillow-Box," the most popular games for Christmas.—Adv.



WEPT IN CITY HALL FOR PAPA'S SAKE.

Mrs. Heyman and Her Children Appealed in Vain to the Mayor.

For Over Five Hours They Waited Suppliant with Prayers and Tears.

The Eight Young Ones Screamed in Chorus When the Mother Begun to Weep.

FATHER HAD LOST HIS LICENSE.

Was an Auctioneer and Conducted an Alleged Fraudulent Sale—His Honor Refused to Restore the Man His Permit.

A woman carrying an infant in her arms and surrounded by seven other children sought an audience with the Mayor yesterday morning. She is the wife of Solomon Heyman, of No. 103 Orchard street. Heyman had the day before been deprived of his license as an auctioneer because of an alleged fraudulent sale. The object of the woman was to appeal to the Mayor's sympathy and ask the restoration of her husband's license.

It was a sad looking group. Several of the tots were poorly clad, and nearly all were weeping. Tears, too, filled the poor mother's eyes as she begged to be permitted to see "His Honor just for a moment." But the good natured police officer at the door could only turn his head aside and tell her to wait.

DOLLS OF THE BEST FOR LITTLE LADIES.

Dainty and Cute They Await Visitors at the Old First Church.

Over Three Hundred of Them Dressed in the Costumes of All Nations.

Carmen, Marguerite, Romeo, Topsy and Great Persons in History and Legend.

ONE FAIR DAME OF HIGH DEGREE.

She Has More Clothes Than Flora McFlimsey and Is Worth \$100—Bazaar Is Held by Ladies of the Congregation.

All the prettiest dolls in Doll-land, which, as every little girl knows, is just over the border from Fairyland, have come to New York to usher in the holiday season. Many of the dainty visitors are to be found at the Old First Church, corner of Fifth avenue and Eleventh street, where they will hold court every afternoon and evening this week.

"The Dolls' Bazaar" is got up under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society, and Mrs. L. E. Young, Mrs. Howard Duffield, Mrs. E. L. Blakeman, Miss Carl, Miss Fairchild, Miss Tompkins, Miss Wright, Miss Woodruff and Miss Grant are the honorable mistresses of ceremonies. Mrs. Young dressed most of the little ladies and gentlemen from Doll-land, and her fancy in doing so has shown infinite variations. The display is a beautiful one, and about every character in legend and history is represented in appropriate costumes.

There are dolls in street dress, dolls attired for church, doll brides with all their trappings about them, doll Topazes, doll soldiers and doll sailors. "Carmen," dressed to imitate Mme. Calve, is there, and Emma Eames is reproduced as "Margherita." Flory "Don Jose" is the simulation of Jean de Reszke, is there, too, and, even in church, Edouard de Reszke is to be seen in the scarlet and black of "Mephisto." Melba, in the quality dress of "Juliette," is there, too, and D'Ancona as "Romeo." There are Turks and "nigger mammoles," and Quaker dolls as well.

But the prize of the collection is a lady doll, who looks like one of C. D. Gibson's pictures of the typical American girl. She stands in the centre of the room, surrounded by her elaborate wardrobe, much as if she had just come back from trip to Europe, and was showing her Paris finery to the customs officers. This doll is valued at \$100, and will be purchased by the subscriptions of members of the congregation, and presented to the little daughters of Dr. Duffield, pastor of the Old First Church.

BOY'S BLOW MAY KILL.

Thirteen-Year-Old Arthur Carroll Will Face a Charge of Murder if Michael Guttstadt Dies.

Justice Tighe, in the Butler Street Police Court, in Brooklyn, committed to the Raymond Street Jail yesterday Arthur Carroll, a thirteen-year-old boy, who lives at No. 401 Nineteenth street. He is charged with striking another boy, Michael Guttstadt, nine years old, of No. 121 Twenty-first street, Brooklyn, November 24 last. Michael is lying in his home with a fracture of the skull, which may result fatally. Carroll was arrested at the time, but as no one saw the assault, and as the wound was not then considered serious, he was discharged. Yesterday morning Justice Tighe read a letter from Dr. De Wailoff in regard to the case. "The boy is suffering from cerebral hemorrhage," the doctor said. "He is paralyzed on the right side in both legs and arms, and cannot articulate. He may become the subject of a coroner's inquest at any time." Young Carroll was again arrested, but Justice Tighe would not release the prisoner on bail, but directed that he be placed in the women's tier in the jail in a cell by himself.

MOTHER IN JAIL: BABE ALONE.

Clarence Davids Unable to Secure Bail Which Would Release His Wife or Himself.

Clarence Davids and his pretty Syrian wife still remain prisoners in the Tombs, where they are held in \$1,000 bail each on the charge of stealing \$150 worth of Oriental goods sold the wife on memorandum by her cousin, Joseph Maloof, a Syrian merchant, of No. 29 Broadway. Davids is an aged father, a former member of the Brooklyn Board of Education, visited his son and his daughter-in-law yesterday morning, and at the same time their little three-year-old daughter, left to the care of a hired nurse by her parents' arrest, was brought to his prison to see her mother. The father had been vainly trying to get bail which the court would accept, and several fellow employees of young Davids went out to try and secure a bondsman.

Mr. Davids was despondent yesterday. "I must get bail for either myself or my wife," said he. "Our rent at No. 200 West Eleventh street is overdue, and it must be paid at once or the baby and nurse will have no place to stay. I don't care how long they hold me, though they have no right to hold me at all. If they will only let my wife out, we are neither of us guilty. That man lied when he told the police that my wife was about to run away with his goods. She owes him for some of the things, but he promised her all the time she wanted."

DESERTED SADIE IS HAPPY.

Has the Penny Her Cruel Mother Gave Her and Another, Too.

No one called at Police Headquarters yesterday to take little Sadie home. She says she is three years old, that her mamma lives down town, and her papa, who lives in the Bowery, drives big horses. Her mamma moved and gave her a penny to be good and wait in the street. Sadie waited, but mamma did not come back. A policeman found the little one at Eighth avenue and Twentieth street. She confided bits of family history to Matron Travers at Police Headquarters, but they were not valuable as means to identification. All this interest in Sadie is due to the fact that she is pretty. The police can't believe that any mother would deliberately desert this little one.

Her hair is dark brown, her eyes very deep hazel, her features well formed, save that the forehead is a trifle too protuberant. She is as merry as a kitten.

Through everything she held on to her penny. "What will you buy with it?" she was asked.

"Apple stick," she lisped. Another penny was given to her. "Now what will you buy?"

"Two apple sticks."

